

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, Donizetti's sentimental opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, re-introduced us to Madame Sontag, in the part of the heroine, in which she made her *rentrée* last season, after an absence of twenty years—the first link of a second chain of brilliant triumphs, which has, for a second time, bound the affections of an English public in sweet and unbreakable bondage. The portrayal of the unhappy Linda through all the vicissitudes of village and metropolitan life, by this accomplished, and, in her own way, unrivalled songstress, has been too often and too recently apostrophised, to require present analysis. Suffice it, it is a gush of feeling drawn up from the hidden wells of the human heart, as pure as the private life of the fair actress who embodies the character. We have, we think, more than once lately remarked, that Madame Sontag's voice, while retaining all its ancient sweetness, has regained remarkably in strength. This was manifested with singular force on Saturday night in the finale to the second act, when the bereaved Linda, withering under the influence of her father's curse, gives vent, in tones of wandering intensity, to the conflicting emotions which overwhelm and sink her to the lowest depths of despair. Of Madame Sontag's brilliant and unerring vocalization, of that delicious *mezza voce*, which resembles the warbling of a lone bird on a willow branch waiting for its mate, we had more than one exquisite example during the performance. Need we say, that the opening cavatina, the well-known "O luce di quest'anima," the best of Donizetti's, was executed with the highest degree of artistic perfection; that the duet with Carlo, in the first act, "A consolarmi affetti," with its sparkling and piquante *cabaletta*, was loudly encored; and that the florid bravura finale, vocalised with an unrestrained fluency, and a subdued sweetness peculiar to Madame Sontag, opened the hearts and closed the hands of the audience, who, as with one voice and one palm, pronounced their undivided verdict of approval. Further mention of encores, recalls, &c. &c., "ovations," as the *Morning Post* styles them, which from long experience, must begin to pall upon the senses of Madame Sontag, would be superfluous, nay, impertinent.

Mr. Lumley has turned up a trump card, and no mistake, in Signor Baucarde, the new tenor; not only a trump, but an honour, not merely an honour, but an ace; aye, and of spades, since, from the vocal mine he digs up treasures of tone and sweetness, with a hardihood which shows that his heart no less than his voice is in his task. Let us, nevertheless, while fairly apostrophising the merits of this youthful artist, qualify. He cannot be cited as the *beau idéal* of manly beauty, nor does the expression of his face overwhelm with its intelligence, blind with a flood of intellectual light; but his features are good, and declare that their possessor thinks not lightly of himself—a *sine qua non* to the arrival at artistic excellence (with deference). His voice is not the

finest at present on the stage; still less is it equal to Mario's; but, to carry out our figure (voice upon the stage), a much worse might be easily picked up by a better singer. The *ut de poitrine*, spoken of by some of our contemporaries, we have not heard; and indeed his higher notes are, in our opinion, by no means the best part of the organ; but the middle voice is remarkably even, full, and of a most agreeable quality, as was evinced by his manner of singing the air in the second act, which was perfectly artistic, vocally satisfactory, elegantly expressive, fluent without excess, tender without mawkishness, and eminently deserved the warm encore bestowed upon it by Mr. Lumley's discriminating and aristocratic audience. Indeed in the third act, where Linda is gradually restored to reason, Signor Baucarde infused such passionate warmth into the passage when he recalls to her wandering senses the scenes and feelings of early days, that the audience, equally surprised and pleased, rapturously applauded him.

Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, a contralto, from the concerts at Paris, made a very successful *début* in Pierotto. If, as we are led to imagine, this artist made her first appearance on the stage, it was something remarkable, as we have seldom witnessed more confidence and self-possession in the most experienced stager. Mdlle. Ida Bertrand possesses a mezzo-soprano rather than a contralto voice, which is easy and pleasing rather than surprising and powerful. She is an excellent vocalist, and sings with great taste and feeling. She impressed the audience favourably after her first song, and rose considerably in estimation by her unaffected singing of the pretty ballad, "Per sua madre," in the second act, and the duet with Linda, the last of which was encored with considerable applause. As an actress, she has abundance of energy and animation. Her conception of Pierotto was original and striking, and differed from the Pierottos we have been accustomed to witness on the Italian stage. We shall be glad to see Mdlle. Ida Bertrand in a part which shall exhibit to greater advantage her dramatic and vocal powers. Pierotto is but a secondary character, and, from what we have seen and heard of Mdlle. Ida Bertrand, we are inclined to think she has metal enough to render her conspicuous in a first part. Mr. Lumley has made another good addition to his vocal *corps* in the new contralto.

A word for the vocal excellence of Coletti's Antonio, and a general verdict of eulogy for the completeness with which the opera was played under Mr. Balfe's able direction, must conclude our notice of Saturday evening's performances. There was no novelty in the *ballet*.

On Tuesday the *Linda* was repeated.

On Thursday there was an extra night. The opera was *Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Sontag's Amina was as prepossessing as ever, and Mr. Sims Reeves came out with all his strength in Elvino. Belletti's Rodolpho was vocally excellent. The opera went off with the greatest enthusiasm. A scene from *Guillaume Tell*, in which the grand duet and trio occur, was

given later in the evening. Baucarde, who was assisted by Coletti and Lablache, made a still further impression on the audience.

The grand event of the evening was M. Paul Taglioni's new *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Graces*, composed expressly for Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. Of this splendid display of terpsichorean gifts, we shall reserve our own account till next week, contenting ourselves at present with quoting the opinions of some of our cotemporaries. The *Morning Chronicle* says:—

After the opera came a new divertissement, constructed to afford an opportunity for combining in one group the choreographic talents of Carlotta Grisi, Amalia Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni. This little ballet is entitled *Les Graces*, and it is another and a triumphant evidence of the poetical feeling (the term is not too strong for the instance) of M. Paul Taglioni as an inventor in this style of performance. A series of very beautiful and original groupings by the *corps de ballet* introduces and accompanies the grand *pas*, or rather succession of dances, by the three chief artists. Scope is given for the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of each; of Carlotta Grisi in her inimitable grace and vivacity of movement, her elegance, buoyance, and versatility—more than all these, of that piquancy and humour which flings such a charm over every *pose* and motion, inspired as they are by the true poetry of her art—of Marie Taglioni's daring energy—and of the wondrous precision and *aplomb* of Ferraris. Each of these accomplished dancers introduced some new invention, some new phrase in the expressive language of her art, and it was only with difficulty that the audience could be restrained from encoring the different *pas*, as they followed each other in a rapid succession of brilliant and exciting excellence. This new dance rivals the celebrated "*Pas des Quatres*," and will equal it in attraction.

The *Morning Post* is equally favourable, though more laconic:—

A new grand *pas de trois*, entitled *Les Graces*, was introduced, and afforded Mdlles. Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris the opportunity of uniting their several and surpassing excellences into an *ensemble* of perfection rarely equalled and never surpassed. The design of this dance is exquisitely classical, and reflects infinite credit both on the invention and the taste of M. Paul Taglioni, the accomplished composer. In all matters of this kind, however, the execution is the charm, and never were the Graces themselves more graciously presented. The beautiful creation of ancient mythology was realized to admiration in every movement of the fair *artistes*. Each seemed to vie with her sister Grace in the ease and brilliancy of her achievements. It is impossible to say which was most bewitching. The style of each is so different from that of the others that it is no paradox to affirm of every one, by herself, that she was unapproachable by existing competition.

The *Morning Herald* is also loud in eulogy of M. Taglioni's new *pas*, about which it writes thus quaintly:—

"After the opera, a new *pas de trois* was introduced for the first time, executed by Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, and Amalia Ferraris. Mr. Lumley has always been of good diplomatic address as a vanquisher of Terpsichorean antipathies, and his adroitness in this way was made splendidly manifest in those memorable days of the ballet when Taglioni condescended to combine herself with a troop of younger danseuses, who honourably combatted their great mistress and won wreaths of flowers from idolatrous audiences. *Les Graces*, the name of the present divertissement, is an incident of the same kind. Composed by M. Paul Taglioni, who has a lively genius for such inventions, it brings out the three artists who are now the stars of Mr. Lumley's company in certain pleasant passages of competition. The "*variations*" allotted to Amalia Ferraris were executed with a spirited *aplomb* that found admirers; though the exquisite grace and finish of Carlotta Grisi seemed to shine all the brighter in the warfare of rivalry. Carlotta,

in fact, never danced better. Her second movement was matchless as a piece of twinkling quickness, being one of those demisemi-quaver *pas* in which Fanny Ellsler was wont to inflame the house into ecstasies; while another, in which she struck a series of rapid attitudes, detailing a gallery of statuesque poses, was equally beautiful. The methodical Marie Taglioni was but an inferior "*Grace*" compared with the other two; but she went into the contest with some show of animation, and disported herself with a bravery that achieved applause. One of the "*variations*," in which the three danseuses performed simultaneously the same figures, was encored. The *pas* was quite successful, and no doubt it will continue to be a feature in the bills for some time to come. It contains, we should not omit to remark, some pretty incidental groupings; the emerald-green hue of the declivity in the back ground putting the forms of the white-muslined *corps de ballet* into a quaint and novel kind of relief.

We have not *The Times* at hand, but next week we shall quote that too, and, moreover, shall take up the cudgels for our favorite Marie Taglioni. There seems to be but one impression about *Les Graces*, which leads to a hope that it may prove as popular, and do as much for the theatre, as the *Pas de Quatre* itself. Why not? The soul of the *Pas de Quatre*, CARLOTTA GRISI, is still with Mr. Lumley.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Donna del Lago* was repeated on Saturday. The performance surpassed by many degrees the previous Thursday's. Still it was hardly what it should have been at Covent Garden. But without Albani the *Donna del Lago* could not be rendered to perfection. Enough, the directors did what they could with their means.

The third performance of the *Mosé*, on Tuesday, was decidedly the most splendid and complete of the three. The same enthusiasm was awakened throughout, and the same *furor* created at the end of the third act. To every one of the principals the highest praise must be extended, and the band and chorus were as irreproachable as ever. We never witnessed an auditory more excited from beginning to end of a performance. What a pity it is that Rossini's glorious work should be wedded to so uninteresting a subject!

The revival of the *Huguenots*, on Thursday, brought the most crowded audience of the season. The cast has varied considerably from that of last year. Castellan resumed her original part of the Queen, in the room of Dorus Gras; De Meric supplied the place of Angri in the Page; and Formes filled up the part of Marcel, left vacant by the secession of Marini.

Of Madame Castellan's Marguerite de Valois it is sufficient to say that it is an agreeable change from the Marguerite of last season. Of De Meric's Urbano it is sufficient to say that it was admirably acted and cleverly sung. Of Formes' Marcel it is not sufficient to say a few words.

The Marcel of Formes is a remarkable performance, both in a lyric and dramatic point of view. His conception of the character is bold and striking; his acting graphic and energetic; and his singing powerful and impressive. However much we liked Marini in the part of the old Puritan, without the least hesitation we must award the palm of superiority to Formes. As in his Caspar, the German basso takes an entirely original view of Marcel. Like all great artists, he has studied his author intently and intensely, and studied to render in vivid colours his own conception. He has left nothing to chance. Every note, every attitude, every motion has its aim. The desire to surpass, or, perhaps, the wish to vivify his own impressions, has carried Formes into certain

exaggerations both in his acting and singing. We see no necessity for making Marcel so old as Formes does. A shaky old man on the stage is not a very agreeable picture; nor do we think the senility of Marcel, as represented by the artist on Thursday, would be subscribed to by Scribe or Meyerbeer. The only fault we have to find with Formes' singing is an occasional drawling of the notes, and an endeavour to make too many points. With these exceptions, his performance was extremely grand and powerful, and produced an immense impression. He was encored with great acclamations in the "Piff, paff" song, which was given with extraordinary fire and energy. The last scene of Formes' Marcel was as great as that of his Caspar. We have seldom witnessed any acting more imbued with earnestness and reality. We have much more to say of this fine performance, but are driven away from our desire at present by stern necessity.

One word must suffice for Grisi and Mario—both were transcendent as ever, and the same enthusiasm as before was created in the grand duet in the third act.

The whole performance was one of astonishing brilliancy. Zora will be repeated to night.

Guillaume Tell is in rehearsal. We must warn the directors against producing this work in the inefficient manner in which it was given before. If they bring it out in its integrity, as far as that may be accomplished, they may depend on a great success—otherwise, it will fail as before.

GRISI AND MARIO.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

Grisi's personation of Elena, in the *Donna del Lago* is well known, and to praise her is now superfluous. When it is said that her singing was as brilliant, as facile, and as exquisite as ever, every idea of sympathy, grace, and excellence will be suggested. We have no words to express in appropriate terms the pleasure that every one felt in listening to the incomparable skill of this incomparable vocalist. Her ability is transcendent, and neither the advances of time, nor the vicissitudes of climate, seem to impair it. We believe she will never grow old, but should she—evil will be the day for the lyric drama. Mario, like Grisi, ripens in excellence, rather than the reverse. His embodiment of the King is the quintessence of manly and chivalric elegance. He sang superbly in the romance; in the second act, he was encored; and nothing indeed could be more beautiful. Such impassioned love complaints as these are irresistible.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

SIGNOR MARIO was in fine voice throughout the evening, and gave us a version of Raoul, which we shall not easily forget. We never before saw the character so naturally delineated. There was nothing overstrained, no effect-seeking, no misplaced melo-dramatic heroism, such as we have seen practised by popular French tenors performing the same part; but all was easy, gentlemanlike, and civilised, until the grand moments for the display of passion and energy arrived, when Signor Mario rose at once with his subject, and nobly met, both mentally and physically, the exigencies of the dramatic action. His delivery of the passage in the septuor in the second act, on the words, "Per tutti il cielo ciascun per se," was one of the grandest bursts of physical power and artistic feeling we ever listened to. It was rapturously encored. In the grand scene of the third act he was also very great. His delivery of several passages of the duet, amongst which we cite the exclamation, "Tu m'ami!" after Valentina declares her love

for Raul, "Venga or la morte, a me dolce sarà il morir;" and the concluding benediction upon his beloved, before rushing to the fight, was worthy of the greatest artist that ever adorned the stage.

Upon Madame Grisi's impersonation of Valentina, did but time and space permit, we could write until our "eyelids could no longer wag;" but as it is, we can but touch lightly upon its manifold beauties. Her performance throughout was so sublime, that, were we to enumerate all its excellences, our criticism would be converted into one long panegyric upon her genius. Her tones, while uttering the words, "Salva Raoul, per me non temo," and those in the duet, "Resta io t' amo!" besides many other wonderful and thrilling things, are still ringing in our ears, and convincing us how inadequate are mere words to convey an idea of the effect they produced. Valentina is one of Madame Grisi's greatest performances, and should be witnessed by all who appreciate the loftiest order of artistic genius.

ERNST IN DUBLIN.

(From the *"Freeman's Journal."*)

We have ever regarded this society in unison (to use a concert phrase) with its "Antient" compeer, as the representative of the musical taste and genius of our city. We have had frequent and delightful opportunities of forming an opinion as to its merits as a musical society, and it has been our pride frequently before now to offer the tribute of admiration to its taste and discrimination in the selection of its musical entertainments, as presenting much that was new and attractive, and to congratulate our musical public on possessing a musical society numbering amongst its performing members many proficient in vocal and instrumental art, yet so unselfish and devoted to carrying out the one happy principle of giving and receiving mutual delight in the triumph of musical genius, as to be ever ready to appropriate and present every musical attraction of the day which by possibility can be made available at each concert meeting of the society. The truth of these remarks will, we feel assured, be sustained by the patrons and visitors who attended in crowds at last evening's concert.

We have but one objection to make, one disagreeable contingency to speak of, and we would wish to get rid of it at once. The performance was unreasonably protracted—it was past twelve o'clock before the concert was ended. The programme was, perhaps, somewhat lengthy, and the *encores*, of course, occupied time, but the main cause of all the inconvenience—the loss of the last Kingstown train by numerous families, the disarrangement of a thousand private and family *agremens*, all arose from the lateness of the hour at which the concert commenced, and this was of course, inevitable, as it would be, out of all question, a case of "*lese vice majeste*" to open the concert, *manque* the presence of the viceregal president of the society.

The concert opened with Beethoven's celebrated Pastoral Symphony, which was given with beautiful effect by the orchestral band, led by our gifted townsman, Mr. Levey. Nothing could be finer or in more perfect accord than the instrumentation of the several performers in this glorious rendering of imaginative idea through harmonic media, the opening allegro passage breathing in every bar and cadence of rural delights, the flutes babbled of green fields, the piccolos, clarionets, and oboes simulated the songs of the birds, and the bass instruments seemed to echo the roar of cascades, and the rushing of the summer breeze through the woods with all their

leaves. Again, the sweet movement in *andante molto*, told on the ear like the warbling of the mountain rivulet over its pebbly bed; and then the sweet *motivo* interpreting the village dance of the peasants, led the imagination captive by its portraiture of innocence and happiness. Then the storm, with its terrors, rendered by magnificent instrumentation; and, finally, the shepherd's song, in six-eighth time, came, as it were, like a burst of sunshine, lively, graceful, and beautiful; the very echoes of the valley simulated by violin and violoncello; all concluding with an instrumental accord, which told with thrilling effect. The lions of the evening were (we give the lady the *pas*), Mdle. Charton, the *prima donna Française*; Mrs. Joseph Robinson, the highly-gifted pianiste; and Herr Ernst, *Le Diable de Violin*, as somebody called him. After the overture, the first vocal piece was sung by Mdle. Charton. It was the *romanza* which we have noticed as sung by the fair donna in the opera of *Le Domino Noir*. On her appearance the fair contraltine was welcomed by a burst of cordial and admiring plaudits. Her voice told, perhaps, with better effect in a building comparatively circumscribed, more compact, and constructed with a view to vocal effect. At all events, she seemed imbued with greater power of voice, whilst her tones retained all their magic sweetness. She was rapturously encored, and in the repetition of the latter part of the air, she achieved a brilliant cadenza, varied by a succession of exquisite intonations that evinced not only power of voice, but also wondrous command over its thrilling inflections. It need not be said that she was rapturously applauded. Next came "Il desiderato," the idol of the violin worship, Herr Ernst. His reception was flattering in the highest degree. His performance was a concerto from a theme by Mendelssohn, in three movements—the first slow and divinely beautiful in its melody, the second in an allegro which the gifted artiste diversified with ornate and wondrous harmonic effects, but in the concluding *arpeggio*, nothing could equal the decisive brilliancy of his touch, or (could we use the word) the "excruciating" series of harmonic effect which flowed from his "familiar" instrument beneath his almost magic instrumentation. The audience were positively wrapped in listening delight to the conclusion, when applause, such as true genius merits, broke forth in repeated peals. An encore was called for, but the artiste who had only arrived after a very fatiguing journey, bowed his demurrer.

The next piece was a recitative and aria from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. This was sung by Mr. Joseph Robinson in a style which, without anything at all like partial pride in our native vocalists, may be called magnificent. His version of the air, "O ruddier than the cherry," was remarkable for power, depth, and sweetness of inflection; and no one present could believe that we have not a vocalist of his class with whom Staudigl may compete, but no more. Mr. Robinson was warmly and deservedly applauded. After this, the next performance was a grand concerto on the pianoforte, by Mrs. Joseph Robinson. The piece was one of Mendelssohn's finest compositions. The fair and young performer, on her appearance, was greeted with repeated rounds of welcome. It was the *début* of this highly gifted artiste, Mrs. Robinson; but our musical public, so devoted to the refinements of harmonic art, could not forget the sensation created by the performance of this peerless pianist on her first appearance last season. She then succeeded in arresting the absorbed attention, and creating the delight of our patrons of music by the magic delicacy of finger, and wondrous power and brilliancy of execution, that characterised her pianism. It was, therefore, no wonder that her appearance last evening was hailed

with delight; and assuredly by her playing she justified every previous impression in her favour. Her performance was brilliant in the extreme, and the repeated and enthusiastic plaudits of the entire audience evinced their appreciation of her genius.

In the second part, Mdle. Charton sang the well-known gem, "Di piacer," from Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. The fair artiste rendered the words from the French version. No *morceau* of music could be more happily suited to the florid brilliancy and charmingly flexible melody of the fair artiste's delicate soprano voice than this bit of opera. She seemed to know her power of rendering it in all its beauty. She aimed at no high effects requiring sustained effort, but with true artistic skill revelled in the harmonic notes within the compass of her truly sweet voice, and succeeded, *a merveille*, in rendering this sweet aria with superb effect.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson again appeared, and was received with repeated demonstrations of applause. She performed a long, and trying, and most beautiful fantasia on the pianoforte, with sustained spirit and effect. It was a masterpiece of Thalberg's complicated musical idealisms, founded on passages in the *Don Giovanni*. Her playing was marked by the same consummate taste, delicacy of touch, and brilliancy of execution that now seem to distinguish her as the only lady professor of the pianoforte, worthy to succeed the regretted Madame Dulcken, whose *maniere* and style of instrumentation is forcibly brought to memory by this young artiste's magnificent control over this noble instrument.

The next piece was a recitative and aria of glorious Spohr, from his opera of *Faust*. Nothing could be more splendid than the resonance and power thrown into the recitative of this aria by Mr. Joseph Robinson. Nor could anything be more exquisite than the fluent melody of his tones in the *larghetto* passages. He was most enthusiastically applauded. Herr Ernst appeared again to the delight of all, and performed a splendid fantasia on a theme from the airs in Bellini's opera of *Il Pirata*. He was, of course, rapturously encored, and in concluding another performance, the gifted artist selected the air, "Il Biondina," from the *Carnival de Venise*, and delighted every one with his exquisite variations and magnificent effects. Mdle. Charton concluded by the aria, "Rossignol" with a splendid flute accompaniment by M. Demeur.

A fine overture, from Reissiger, finished the concert, which we must consider the most brilliant of the season.

[We cite this as a fair specimen of Dublin enthusiasm, which, like Dublin stout, is generally three parts froth. Amidst its strange jumble of words, its *mêlée* of celebrities and obscurities in one common confusion, there is nevertheless the evidence of hearty enjoyment, if not of lucid appreciation.—Ed. M. W.]

APOPTHEGMS.

(Continued from last Year.)

THE vulgar sweetness of revenge is not to be compared with that exquisite flavour of satisfaction afforded by the legitimate resentment of a wrong, which, while it assaults the individual, violates the established laws of a whole community. The savage who dissects scalp for scalp, or conflagrates wigwam for wigwam, enjoys not half so palatable a triumph as that which lights up the countenance and pours the balsam of conscious rectitude on the heart of him who hauls up an extortionate cabman to Bow Street on purely public grounds. There is a complexity in the pleasing emotions that he experiences in accomplishing this act, which, like the

diversified savour of the pine-apple, is the result of cultivation purely artificial. He has in his person fulfilled the conditions of existence of a merely abstract entity, while at the same time the impulses of his concrete nature have been indirectly assuaged. He has stood between nature and civil polity, and has joined their hands, like the uncle in the play; or—to use a more genuine and dignified metaphor—like Gog and Magog, he has had his head in the clouds, while his feet were firmly planted on *terra firma*.

MONEY is the sinews of war, railways the arteries of trade, and electric telegraphs the nerves of civilization.

The same power, whose only activity was destruction, and whose only voice an inarticulate terror, has now become the discreet and whispering messenger of men's thoughts, the bond of unity, and the pledge of universal peace.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ANNA THILLON.

MONTPELLIER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The theatre, during the past week, has been crowded every night there has been a representation, to hear that charming vocalist, Anna Thillon. I more than enter into the rhapsodies of your Toulouse correspondent, and still more warmly appreciate the genius of this queen of opera comique. She looked as well, and sung better than I ever heard her; the sunny south, no doubt, giving additional power to the tones of her melodious voice. Her last representation was on Sunday, when the *Fille du Regiment* was given for the second time. To compare Madame Thillon with Jenny Lind would be a bad compliment in this part, because, as a comic actress, she is so much superior; and, if I mistake not, the *Fille du Regiment* was written expressly for her; however, I can say with truth that never was Lind more enthusiastically cheered or showered with bouquets than was Anna Thillon on this occasion. Mons. Bardou, who played Sulpice, had enough to do to collect and present them to her. The *Rataplan* was encored with a *furor* only known in the theatres of the Midi. The director could not persuade Madame Thillon to extend her engagement, as she is travelling more for pleasure than professionally; and I regret to add that it is the intention of this popular artiste to purchase a property in the neighbourhood of Mir, where she may at will retire and enjoy the pleasures of that luxurious climate. From this I fear an unwillingness to visit old England again, which will be a loss we cannot easily replace. Let us hope, however, although the Princess's is going into other hands, that, on the off nights, Mr. Maddox may give us a really efficient *opera-comique troupe*, with a good orchestra and Thillon at their head. T E. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

THE version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, which was produced with such success at Covent Garden, some years ago, was very judiciously performed on Tuesday night, on the occasion of Miss Vandenhoff's benefit, for the character of the Greek heroine is unquestionably the one in which her talents are displayed to the best advantage, while Creon is an excellent character for Mr. Vandenhoff. The music was sung by the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. At the conclusion, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff were both called with enthusiasm.

PRINCESS'S.

SIGNOR SCHIRA took his revenge on Friday night last week for the partial success of his *Mina* by another three-act opera,

called *The Orphan of Geneva*, which, if less ambitious in style, is far more genial in spirit. The story of *Therese*, originally of French extraction, is well known. It was for a long time in possession of the English stage as a melodrama of stirring interest; and we coincide with the author of the *libretto*, who cites the *Mountain Sylph*, the *Night Dancers*, *Maritana*, and *Charles II.* (among English compositions) as convincing proofs of the wisdom of adopting familiar stories for the foundation of operatic works. He might, with as much reason, have adduced the *Sonnambula*, the *Gazza Ladra*, *Barbiere*, and a host of Italian operas, as foreign illustrations of his argument. It is enough to remind our readers that Therese is a young girl, the supposed foster-child, but really the child, of a noble lady in Geneva; that through the machinations of a rascally advocate, who wishes to obtain possession of her wealth and person, she is presumed to have forged the will which bequeathed her all the property of her mother; that subsequently, through the villany of the same individual, she is arraigned for an attempt to murder her benefactress, the mother of the man who loves her; that, as in the course of semi-serious melodramas, her character and innocence are ultimately cleared up and established; and that all ends happily to the satisfaction of everybody except the rascally advocate, the *bête noire* of the drama, who encounters the just punishment of his misdeeds. The story has been cleverly adapted for musical purposes by Mr. C. Jefferys, the words of the songs and the verse in general being so much better than the generality of such things, as to have rendered the apology advanced in the preface to the printed book and the appeal to the mercy of periodical criticism equally superfluous.

Signor Schira's music is of so very light a character throughout, that elaborate criticism would be out of place. From the overture to the final *rondo* it is entirely of that *ad captandum* character, which aims simply at pleasing the many without soliciting the approbation of "the few." There is not even an attempt at embodying the *couleur locale*, which, in pieces laid in Switzerland, is so tempting and so easy of attainment to a musician of fancy; but to make amends, Signor Schira has produced some exceedingly graceful songs, one or two pretty ballads, and several sparkling choruses, the most striking of which may be specialized in noticing the performance.

The part of Therese, the heroine, was sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, who has added another to her list of successes. To this lady are allotted some of the most agreeable songs in the opera. Her first air, "A poor unfriended outcast," is a ballad of touching and plaintive character, which, through its own merits and the pleasing manner in which it was sung, won and deserved a unanimous encore. Still better was the duet with Count de Morville (Mr. Allen), "I'll not believe that guile can dwell," a thoroughly sentimental effusion. Best of all, however, in a musical point of view, was the recitative and air, "My young days are o'ershadowed." The recitative cannot fail to remind the hearer of a passage in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*; but the air is in the highest degree vocal and melodious, without once violating the ballad-like simplicity which is its principal charm. Miss Pyne sang it in her most winning manner, and was honoured by an encore, which was the genuine expression of the feelings of the audience. A *rondo finale* in the *bravura* style, a lively tune, embellished by brilliant passages of triplets, gave Miss Pyne an opportunity of exemplifying her command of florid vocalisation, and brought down the curtain with an enthusiastic encore. Miss Pyne has not yet acquired that warmth and energy, or the want of which we have complained on more than one occasion; nevertheless, her acting, while by no means de-

ficient in feeling, was always intelligent and prepossessing. The Count de Morville, Thérèse's lover, was represented by Mr. Allen, who sang the music allotted to him with graceful expression and artistic finish. He obtained encores for two airs, which are among the gems of the opera. The first, a sort of ballad with quartet accompaniment, "Ah, what joy to hear!" is elegant and spirited; the second, a pathetic ballad, "Unhappy maid, her reason wanders," illustrates very truthfully the situation in which it occurs, and may be praised as much for its melodic attractions as for the tasteful manner in which it is accompanied. This was Mr. Allen's best vocal effort during the evening, and is likely, we think, to become the most popular song in the opera. Mr. Weiss has a very disagreeable part in Carwin, the unprincipled cause of all the misfortunes of Thérèse; but Signor Schira has contrived to make the best of his fine bass voice in the concerted music, and has also given him a song, "She shall be mine," which, although singularly out of keeping with the sentiment of the words, has some points of decided originality. The small part of the Countess de Morville was elevated to an agreeable prominence by the clever acting of Miss Villars, who looked well, was dressed well, and never lost sight of the business of the scene. Miss Villars had but little to sing, but what fell to her lot was executed with a musician-like correctness which was of eminent value in the *morceaux d'ensemble*. The subordinate characters were respectably filled by Messrs. Corri, Latter, and Wynn. The last-named gentleman refrained on this occasion from making a caricature of his part, which was an improvement on some of his recent impersonations. Mr. Wynn is by no means devoid of talent as an actor, but he is at times so eager for display that he becomes almost obtrusive. On his singing we cannot compliment him, although the gallery encored him in a *buffo* song, "She was once so demure,"—a compliment, we are inclined to think, solely due to the music, which is characteristic and original.

Signor Schira presided in the orchestra, and laboured zealously to make the best of the materials at his disposal. Some of the choruses are very lively, and produced a marked effect; among the most noticeable may be mentioned a glee (not a "round," as it is styled in the books), "The flocks are in the fold," without accompaniments, which possesses some unquestionable features of originality, and has a good chance of becoming popular. The overture, a sort of *pot pourri*, was played very noisily and encored very noisily, but after two attentive hearings we could find nothing in it that called for special notice. Signor Schira has a good notion of instrumentation, but is too prodigal in his use of the louder instruments—an expedient which invariably fails to conceal the want of ideas.

At the fall of the curtain the principal performers were recalled upon the stage, and the same honour was afterwards paid to Signor Schira, who appeared before the curtain and was loudly cheered. The opera was entirely successful.

SADLER'S WELLS.

On the occasion of Mr. George Bennett's benefit, his daughter, Miss Jane Bennett, played the character of Alice, in his excellent drama, *Retribution*. The young lady had previously acted in some of the private performances at Miss Kelly's Theatre, but this was her first appearance in public. To the difficulties naturally belonging to a *débüt*, were added the disadvantages of sustaining a character which had been familiarized to her audience, illustrated with all the tragic in-

tensity of Miss Glyn. However, she passed through her probation very successfully. She is very young, and gives instances of a careful training, while here and there were touches of pathos which promise well for her future career.

The revival of Sheridan Knowles's play of *William Tell*, on Wednesday, was attended with the usual success of the novelties at this theatre. This play is not, on the whole, one of the most highly dramatic of the author's productions; but it has three or four powerful situations. Among them is the scene in which Tell is informed by Melctal of the outrage committed on him—that in which the hero is confronted with his son, before Gesler, with the view to discover their relationship,—and finally, the famous scene of the shooting at the apple. The feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Phelps's performance of the hero, which is undoubtedly one of his very best efforts. The character of the stern Freeman of the Mountains is finely mingled of the epic and dramatic, and both phases were given with consummate skill and effect. The scene with Melctal elicited a call at the end of the act. No one better understands the effect of contrast in the expression of deep passion than Mr. Phelps. Thus, for example, after Melctal's disclosure, while Tell is meditating the insurrection, and bidding his son cross the mountains with the gage of rebellion—the dagger, nothing could be happier, or more true to nature than his sudden starts of parental anxiety, as he examined his boy's accoutrements, and in a tone of household familiarity bid him tie his sandal, and draw his belt closer round him. Miss J. Marston, a handsome miniature of her father, played Albert, with so much cleverness and promise as to obtain a well-deserved call at the end of the play, which, aided by the new and beautiful mountain scenery, went off with even unusual spirit.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The engagement of Mdle. Denain and Mr. Samson, has been productive of one great result, inasmuch as it has afforded us the gratification of enjoying the best comedies, both of the modern and ancient repertoire. Many persons have been accustomed to judge of the French stage by the fantastic immoralities of the Porte St. Martin, or the light, airy, although witty productions of the minor theatres of the Vaudeville and Palais Royal; forgetting that there existed another and higher source of pleasure, situated in the Rue de Richelieu, where the stage is elevated to the dignity of a school of morality, whose professors are selected from the most eminent adepts in the histrionic art. Pure comedy is now the order of the day at the St. James's, and we opine that a more steady adherence to the better class of authors, will be productive of a really beneficial influence on the taste of the English public. We, therefore, strongly object to the waste of time and patience necessary to sit through such a piece as Marivaux's *Le jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard*. Admitting a certain neatness of construction, and the art displayed in the grouping of the characters, we have to wade through three acts of heavy, witless, tedious dialogue, with few or no incidents to enliven the monotony. We are ready to admit, that the old story of the double exchange of characters was not so very old at the time of its first production, but this does not furnish a pretence for its retainment on the stage, to the exclusion of much better and more original productions. Of the acting we can speak in terms of high praise. Mdle. Denain made an admirable Sylvia, and displayed a great amount of tact, delicacy, and feminine tenderness; she never, for a moment, lost sight of her part; she fretted through the ordeal imposed by herself with wonderful perseverance,

and was positive perfection in the scene where she forces her Dorante to offer her marriage, even before he is aware of her real rank and station. M. Samson was delicious as the valet personifying his master, and went far towards conquering our prejudice against the piece. But those who would see M. Samson to perfection, must study him in some of his own pieces; his Menard, in *Un Veuve*, where he plays the part of a widower, bent on enjoying his independence, and hunted to death by the persecutions of mothers, friends, and maids, is an admirable conception, full of delicate touches and traits of originality. This impersonation of the retired comedian, Raymond Poisson, is another of his great parts which will handsomely repay a visit to the theatre. The severity of the old man, who has weaned his thoughts from the vain enjoyments of this world, but whose *amour propre* is not proof against flattery when properly administered; his dormant love for his art, his self-complacency, his confusion on his being discovered giving his grandson a lesson in the art of drunkenness, his vindications of the dignity of the profession of an author, his sly allusions to the works of Molière, formed a most complete and finished picture to all such as prefer truth and nature to rant and caricature. The part of Marianne was cleverly rendered by Mdlle. Brassiné, and that of Arnould, by M. Fétard.

La Belle Mère et le Gendre, is another of M. Samson's pieces, and is known in English, under the title of *My Wife's Mother*, played, for the first time in England, some sixteen years ago, when Mr. Farren undertook the part now played by M. Samson. This piece is too well known, as one of the best farces ever produced on the English stage, to require any further details; we may, however, remark that the English adapter has taken a few liberties with the part of the uncle, Duchemain—in English, Foozle—which destroy his identity in a great measure. In French, however, the piece is a comedy in verse; in English, it is a farce, and this may excuse the alterations in some measure. It was well played by Mdlles. Denain and Juina, and Messrs. Samson, Luguet, and Simmonet.

On Wednesday last, the finest play in the French language, the *Misanthrope*, was produced; Mdlle. Denain taking the part of Celimène, and M. Samson, that of Alceste. We have rarely seen so careful a study as that of these two excellent actors. Mdlle. Denain evinced capabilities of the highest order; the great scandal scene, in the second act, was given with admirable finesse and tact, and her general rendering of the part reconciled us, in a measure, to the perverseness of her nature. We must also mention in terms of high praise, her *tête-à-tête* with Arsinoë, which was the perfection of murderous, womanly satire. M. Samson's Alceste was a highly-finished and elaborate picture, and forcibly reminded us of what perseverance and careful study can do when united to no more than an average amount of natural talent.

On Wednesday last, Scribe's comedy of "*La Camaraderie*," produced in Paris in 1837, was played for the first time before a London audience. On previously reading the play, we were inclined to the opinion that there was a want of incident and movement, in short a sameness pervading the whole structure which would preclude anything like an enthusiastic reception; but we were decidedly mistaken, or rather we had reckoned without the superior tact of the great adept in theatrical combinations, whose best pieces are scarcely readable in the closet, yet obtain the most triumphant success on the boards. A more admirable representation we never witnessed than that of Wednesday. The play never flagged for a moment; scene after scene was enacted with excellent *ensemble*, point

succeeded point; bustle, confusion, excitement, intrigue, wit, brilliant repartee, and sly sarcasm—all the elements of dramatic excellence seemed to be convoked, and presented us with the most perfect picture we ever witnessed. If we add that four Parisian stars were convoked to impersonate the principal characters, some idea will be formed of the excellence of the performance.

The moral of the piece is directed against the *clique* system. We find a certain number of persons, artists, poets, physicians, lawyers, united in one common bond, the object of which is to advance their own interest, and cry down that of all other candidates. The chiefs of this *clique* are a Dr. Bernardet (M. Regnier) and Césarine (Mdlle. Denain), a *ci-devant* governess, and now the wife of a peer of France, the Comte de Miremont (M. Samson), who has fallen into a state of uxorious imbecility. A vacancy occurs in the representation of St. Denys, and the *clique* have adopted Oscar Rigaut (M. Tétard), a cousin of Césarine's, as their candidate, in opposition to the claims of Edmond de Varennes (M. Luguet), a young lawyer, in love with the peer's daughter by a former marriage. But a new element is now introduced into the plot through the agency of Zoë (Mdlle. Nathalie), who is kindly disposed towards the young lawyer, and is a mortal enemy of Césarine's. She spoils the game of the associates by insinuating that Edmond de Varennes loves and always has loved Césarine, who from the first had conceived for him an affection which time has not effaced. Césarine immediately changes her batteries, and through her influence with the Minister, secures the election of her supposed admirer, and only discovers her mistake when too late. This is but a slight sketch of the groundwork of the plot, which is supported by several minor underplots, which enliven the piece and bear us triumphantly to the conclusion.

The acting was perfect in every respect. Mdlle. Denain presented a perfect picture of the intriguing politician in petticoats, convinced of the infallibility of her own tact; her surprise at being beaten by a mere *débutante* in the art was well portrayed. The part of Zoë, the apparently naïve friend, was given with point and archness, by Mdlle. Nathalie. This young lady, already known to the English public, has wonderfully improved since her association with the *Theatre Français*, and is now as elegant and fascinating an actress as she is a beautiful woman. Her costume was perfection. M. Samson was admirable as the consequential, profound statesman, verging on anility; his self-importance and conviction of his authority over his wife, formed a profound study of character. The mainspring of the piece is, however, Dr. Bernardet, and M. Regnier played the part with admirable *à propos*. He seemed perfectly at home in the character, to which nothing was wanting to make it a masterpiece of truth and nature. Polished, conciliating, supple, oily, smooth-tongued, he seemed the very incarnation of intrigue. The piece was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the actors were called twice before the curtain. During the evening the National Anthem was sung by Miss Messent and M. Drayton, on account of Her Majesty's recent confinement.

J. DE C—.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

It is worth a visit to Exeter Hall to hear the overture and incidental music of Beethoven to Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, which was performed on Wednesday at the ninth concert of the spring series. To find continual novelty for a series of thirty concerts, of such a miscellaneous kind, is no easy matter;

but the director does his best, and merits the patronage he receives from the public. The *Egmont* ranks high among the very few examples of dramatic music which Beethoven has left. The overture is well known as one of the sublimest compositions of the master, but the rest of the music is almost new to this country. It comprises two songs for a soprano voice, and several instrumental pieces descriptive of certain passages in the tragedy. The two songs belong to Clare, the betrothed of *Egmont*; the first, illustrating the young maiden's aspirations when her lover is gone to the wars, is a composition of peculiar wildness and beauty. The second, which describes Clare's feelings previous to her last interview with *Egmont*, is in a half-joyful, half-melancholy strain, that captivates and enchains the attention by its intense earnestness. The instrumental pieces, consisting of a brilliant war march, and a number of movements of different characters, which give musical expression to the most prominent situations of the drama, are all highly dramatic, and some exquisitely beautiful. In order to facilitate the public performance of the music of Beethoven, independent of the theatre, Dr. Moisegeil wrote a poem which embodied the most important characters and points of tragedy of *Egmont*, with pauses and directions for the music to come in. It is a very loose translation [of this poem which Mr. Stammers recites at Exeter Hall, between the intervals of the music, the instrumental portions of which were exceedingly well performed by the band, under the direction of Herr Anschütz, while the two songs of Clare are sung with a great deal of energy and enthusiasm by Madame Zimmerman.

Herr Dreyschock, the pianist, has also been engaged at the Wednesday Concerts, and made his second appearance on Wednesday. This gentleman has very few rivals in his peculiar style—that of the modern *bravura*. The difficulties he performs are astonishing. His left hand has extraordinary strength and agility, while his octave playing, for force and rapidity, is almost unparalleled. Herr Dreyschock introduced some pieces of his own composition, calculated to display his remarkable powers of execution to great advantage. Some variations on the National Anthem, for the left hand alone, in which he accomplished quite as much as the majority of pianists could achieve with both hands, created an immense sensation, and were enthusiastically encored. In response to this compliment, Herr Dreyschock played a capriccio, terminating with a passage of octaves for both hands, which, had we not heard, we should have considered impossible. He is certainly a prodigy in his way, for those who are interested in the progress of executive mechanism, his performances cannot fail to possess the highest interest.

In the vocal department, Miss M. Braham was encored in "Where the bee sucks;" Mrs. A. Newton, in "O luce di quest' anima," and Herr Stigelli rapturously in Wallace's "There is a flower that bloometh." Herr Stigelli has a tenor voice of great sweetness and expression; he is, moreover, an excellent artist. He sang the "Sleep song," from *Masaniello* in the first part, and narrowly escaped an encore. He created an evident sensation on Wednesday night.

The other vocal performers demand no particular mention. Mr. Stammers delivered the poetry attached to Beethoven's music, with marked emphasis and rigid propriety.

The rest of the programme was of the usual kind, the only novelty being the first appearance of Signor Bailini, a new singer, who, in one of Verdi's airs, displayed a deep barytone voice of good quality, unaccompanied by any particular refinement of style. At the next concert, Mademoiselle Angri, the well-known *contralto*, who is engaged for several performances, is announced to appear.

MR. ALEXANDER BILLET'S CONCERTS.

At the second, which took place on Friday week, the programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Grand Sonata, in A flat, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Spohr.
Duet, "Fairy King," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Macfarren.
Suite, in E minor, with Fugue (<i>Suites de Pieces</i>), Pianoforte, M. Billet	Handel.
Duet, "May," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Bosen.
Grand Sonata, in F minor, <i>L'Invocation</i> , Pianoforte, (by desire), M. Billet	Düsseck.

PART II.

Sonata, in E major, Pianoforte, (first time in public), M. Billet	Mendelssohn.
Two part Song, "Autumn Song," the Misses C. and S. Cole	Mendelssohn.
Sonata, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, Pianoforte, M. Billet	Beethoven.

Conductor, Herr Ganz.

M. Billet was in splendid finger, and played this rich collection of almost unknown *chefs d'œuvre* in masterly style. The sonatas of Spohr and Mendelssohn, the former a late, the latter an early work of its composer, were equal treats in their way, although so opposite in manner. Handel's *suite*, with its most brilliant and difficult of fugues, and Beethoven's poetical sonata, were equally well interpreted. But the greatest treat of all was the *Invocation* of Düsseck, a feast of musical beauty. M. Billet, who understands it well, played it most admirably. M. Billet is a prophet in his way, and a lesson to the majority of pianists.

THE LATE MRS. EDMUNDS.

FORMERLY MISS MARY CAWSE, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mrs. EDMUNDS was the daughter of the artist, Mr. John Cawse—an excellent musical amateur. She was born the 14th of December, 1808, at No. 13, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, London.

As early as her fourth year she shewed a singular taste for music; and as her parents went frequently to the opera, taking her with them, she would, the next day, sing over the melodies she had heard, as she played with her toys. These and other indications of musical talent, induced her parents to commence teaching her music—even before the usual course of reading, &c., and thus, ere she was seven years old, she played on the pianoforte the fifth concerto of Schroeter, accompanied by distinguished professors, G. Ware, James Taylor, &c. About this time G. Ware was engaged to give her and her sister Harriet, who had shown a similar talent, regular lessons in music. The sisters sang a duet of their master's composition, at a choral-fund concert, accompanied by the late Mr. Gretorix. After this, Mr. Robert Lindley introduced them in 1821 to Sir George Smart, to whom they were articled until they came of age, their parents superintending the exercises enjoined by their instructor.

This was a fortunate introduction, as Sir George Smart made it a standing rule that his pupils should be good readers of music, or, in other words, sight singers. The study of the works of Handel, Mozart, Pergolesi, &c., followed, and laid the foundation for future excellence. C. M. Von Weber, at that time residing with Sir George Smart, heard Mary Cawse sing the principal soprano part in Mozart's "*Direttore Commedia*," and was so much struck with the fine quality of her fresh ringing voice, and the extraordinary facility with

which she executed passages extending to F in alt., that he exclaimed, "Ah! if I had you in Saxony, I would make you the first singer in Europe." "The Minstrel of Romance" understood her talent. She had afterwards the great advantage of singing the scenes, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," "Softly sighs the voice of evening," &c., to the great *Maestro's* accompaniment, and he took every opportunity of testifying his appreciation of her merits. Engagements at concerts and musical parties succeeded, and in 1826 she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the opera of "The Castle of Sorrento," remodelled for the occasion by the composer, the late Mr. Atwood. Her success was decided, and she was engaged for five years, during which her services were also secured for the oratorios under the management of Sir George Smart, Sir Henry Bishop, and Mr. Hawes. During her connexion with Covent Garden, Mary Cawse supported principal singing parts in *Fra Diavolo*, *Azor and Zemira*, *Robert the Devil*, *Der Freischutz*, *John of Paris*, *Cinderella*, &c. In 1828-29 we find her at the English Opera, where she appeared in the *Swiss Family*, the *Vampire*, by Marschuer, *Così fan tutti*, Mozart, &c. In 1832-33 she was secured by the late Capt. Pothill for Drury Lane Theatre, with Malibran, Templeton, H. Phillips, &c. Her last season in London was at the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer of 1833; and in the November following she left for Hull, where she had accepted an engagement with the late Mr. Downes, and appeared at the Theatre Royal with eminent success. Of the impression she made in Hull, the writer of this article can only speak from the report of others; but, during her engagement, the boxes of the theatre were taken by the first people of the place, and a most successful season for the manager was the result.

It was here that she first became acquainted with Mr. Edmunds, who was also engaged as principal tenor singer at the theatre. At the close of the season she married this gentleman; and after fulfilling her engagements at York, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, she finally, with her husband, retired from the stage.

For the last ten years she has resided in Edinburgh, where Mr. Edmunds and herself have met with distinguished success as teachers of the vocal art. At the beginning of this year she suffered from a severe attack of influenza, from the effects of which she had scarcely recovered, when she was seized with bronchitis; the disease had a fatal termination on the 14th of April. She died, leaving a husband and six children, three of them mere infants, to lament their sad bereavement.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

To your regular accepted correspondent here, for the kind feeling expressed towards us, we offer our mark of thanks, and beg to assure that gentleman we shall at all times most cheerfully reciprocate any little courtesies received at his hands; and have only to hope, that by our combined contributions, your readers may receive a full and faithful record of all the musical doings here.

We welcomed with much satisfaction the encomiums passed on our clever townsman, Mr. Glover, and we have no hesitation in reiterating our former opinion that the introduction of "Jerusalem" in the metropolis would abundantly repay the pains necessarily bestowed in preparing a new work. We provincials should also take it as an indication of a healthier feeling did we see more enterprise manifested in the "little village" towards encouraging our native oratorio composers. Could not Mr. Surmann or Mr.

Hullah engage this work? at least it is worth a thought. When we witness this desirable consummation, we may look forward to London "cheap trip excursions" proving remunerative. However, we must proceed. The "immortal bard of Avon" was surely a prophet as well as poet; he has somewhere observed as follows:—"This will prove a brave kingdom to me when I shall have music for nothing." That we have arrived at this happy period will be readily conceded by every votary of the muse in this neighbourhood.

The "People's Concerts" have now extended over seven months, the spacious "Free Trade Hall" presenting, each Monday evening, some three to four thousand well-dressed auditors, who enjoy a couple of hours most rationally, listening to the works of standard glee writers, varied with oratorio. The artists engaged are the best we have among us, and all for the positive fee of 3d. and 6d. We must not omit to add that by those who regularly frequent these gatherings, the concerts are spoken of with the highest satisfaction. The great success must, however, in a great degree, be attributed to the indefatigable and unceasing exertions of the excellent conductor, M. D. W. Banks. As regards our own private opinion, we are not blind to the fact that the establishment and continuance of these concerts have, for a time at least, dealt a severe blow to music and musical artists generally here, and in this we are only echoing a very general opinion among the patrons and supporters of music. It is very painful to find high class concerts literally deserted. The magnetic names of Reeves, Hayes, Benedict, and a host of others, have failed in "drawing." On Good Friday, we had a visit from Miss M. Williams, Miss Stewart, Messrs. Lockett and Whitworth, with the early parts of "St. Paul;" but to our disgrace—we confess it—there was a "beggarly account of empty benches." A few days ago we had another "grand concert" puffed off, in which Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Whittall, and others of our local artists took part; this met with a similar fate. By the bye, we ought to name that a Mr. Lawler was announced, from the Sacred Harmonic Society, London, but did not appear, or even deign to send an apology; this *faux pas* will do this gentleman no good in this quarter. Last evening we had "Bunn on the Stage," and any person could easily count the heads of the auditors. We were delighted with the monologue entertainment of the ex-manager, who treats his subjects with admirable coolness and good humour. Latterly the good folks here seem quite satiated of amusements; the benefit season, even at the Theatre Royal, has been meagre. Certainly there has been no lack of resources to wile away the fatiguing hours between eight and eleven, p. m., scarcely an evening passing without some tempting bill of fare issuing from the classic precincts of Peter-street. In conclusion, we observe the series of the weekly concerts are drawing to a close, next Monday being the last. An extra night is, however, talked of, for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Banks, who, most undoubtedly, deserves an overflowing house. We sincerely hope it may be realised. More anon.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I HAVE not time this week to send you my regular account of things musical and dramatic; but I enclose you instead an extract from the *Liverpool Courier*, in which you will find all that is needful.

"Last evening we had pleasure in being present at the fourth subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society for the year, which was progressing very satisfactorily at the hour we had to leave, in order to go to press. The performances were to include a selection of Italian and English vocal music, three overtures, Beethoven's Septuor, and three choruses, which, so far as they were executed, we shall refer to; meanwhile, we should state that the vocalists were our old favourite, Miss Poole, Signor Nicholas Covas, the young tenor who appeared first in Liverpool at the opening of the Philharmonic Hall in a single song, and as on that occasion so many very superior and old-established artists sang, the public had not an opportunity of fairly judging of his abilities. Last evening, however, he had much more scope, and so far as we heard

him, which was in an aria from *Belisario*, and a duet from *Lucia*, with Drayton, we regret to say we were not more pleased than when we heard him first. He lacks power much, and his execution, apparently very fair, is so little heard that it goes for nothing. He may be an agreeable chamber singer, but he is quite out of place in a room so large as the Philharmonic Hall.

"The third soloist was Mr. Henri Drayton Dorissac, who sang in the first concert of this year, with Maras and Mdlle. Charton, without the foreign termination to his name. We were not so much pleased with him in the duet with Miss Poole, but in the recitative and air of *Labarre* he appeared to great advantage. The slow movement pleased us exceedingly, and he threw a great deal of fire into the allegro. In the duet with Covas, he completely drowned him.

"The principal executants in the "Septuor" were Mr. Thomas on the violin, Baetens the tenor, Waud double bass, Haddock violoncello, H. P. Sorge clarinet, Jarret horn, and Cary bassoon. The allegro went extremely well. The way in which the different instruments, but particularly the clarinet and horn took up the theme, was deserving of all praise. In the adagio cantabile, the horn, which has an extremely prominent passage, was most efficiently rendered by Mr. Jarrett. There was a slight unsteadiness in the trio, but not sufficient to mar the excellence of the performance. Mr. Thomas appeared to great advantage, as did the tenor, violoncello, and bassoon. The music was throughout most perfectly performed, each phrase being correctly and beautifully marked. Mr. Sorge has improved vastly since he left Liverpool: we hail his return to our band with pleasure; he is, undoubtedly, a first-rate clarinet player.

"The choruses in this part were, "Now by day's retiring lamp," from Bishop's "Henri Quatre," which was rendered with a precision which this society has become so celebrated for, and hardly escaped an encore; and "Crown ye the altars," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," also went very well, as did the march which preceded it.

"Miss Poole sang Balfo's "I'm a merry Zingara," which was encored. A duet from "Faust," with Drayton, went very well; and the old recitative and air from Gluck's "Orfeo," which, often as we have heard it by all sorts of singers, though losing none of its charms by frequent repetition, was as pleasing as ever, if not more so, in Miss Poole's hands. She was in very good voice. The band executed the overture to *Cenerentola* very well. Indeed, the precision with which the different wind instruments took up the various points was only equalled by the perfection of their tune and the purity of tone. The violins and other string instruments were in capital order, and Mr. Herrmann conducted very well."

Mr. Bunn appears in Liverpool on the 13th instant, and gives his popular Shaksperian Monologue. The ex-lessee of Drury Lane will be heartily welcomed by the Liverpool folks.

The *Jewess* has been produced with extraordinary splendour at the Amphitheatre, upwards of two hundred supernumeraries being employed nightly. The dresses are costly and magnificent, and would almost rival those of the Italian Opera.

Musical people here talk of nothing but the *Mosé in Egitto* at Covent Garden. By all accounts it must be something wonderful. I shall certainly borrow a holiday from business and run up to town to see it.

MUSIC AT SHEFFIELD.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE last of twelve grand promenade concerts, given by Mr. Saunders, took place on Monday evening, April 16, on which occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the saloon was well filled, and the gallery densely crowded. Generally excellent as the previous concerts have been, we think the last surpassed them all, both in the quality and the performance of the music. The band exerted themselves with more than usual vigour. In the overtures *Fra Diavolo* and *Gustavus*, in the "Olga" and "Rainbow" waltzes, in the "Post Horn Gallop," the "Caledonian" quadrilles, and in the two charming polkas, "The Third Dragon

Guards," and the "Storm," most original and startling effects were produced. Mr. Rungeling delighted all by his playing on the clarinet; and Trumpet Major Williams was very good on the horn. The band was ably led by M. H. Bell. Mr. J. S. Booth's excellent and careful accompaniments to all the vocal pieces, shewed him to be quite at home in his vocation. Mrs. Jessop sang two songs, in both of which she was encored. Miss Bland created a sensation by the power and quality of her voice, and by her general style of singing. Mrs. Thomas sang several songs, which were encored; her manner of singing is refined, and her knowledge of music sufficient. Mr. Saunders sang two songs, and received hearty encores. So numerous were the encores that the concert was not over until half-past eleven. At the conclusion, Mr. Saunders, in a neat speech, thanked the audience for their kind attendance, and assured them he was fully satisfied with the general result of the speculation; and that next autumn, he again purposed resuming the concerts. Certainly, the public generally is indebted to Mr. Saunders for placing before them superior concerts at so low a price of admission. We understand that the Instrumental Society of Sheffield, fully appreciating Mr. Saunders's efforts, and to mark their sense of his general kindness, presented to him a very handsome diamond ring.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was lately given at the Victoria-rooms, Clifton, by the Classical Harmonist Society. The large hall was filled, and amongst the audience were some of the principal families and residents in the neighbourhood of Bristol and Clifton. Of the performance we can scarcely speak too highly. The principal vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Messrs. Benson, Lawler, &c. I have neither time nor space to enter into detail. The most effective performances of the evening were—"Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," sung by Miss C. Hayes, and encored; "O God have mercy," (bass solo, Mr. Lawler); duet (Messrs. Benson and Lawler), "Now are we ambassadors for Christ," admirably sung, and repeated by unanimous request; "I praise thee, O Lord," bass solo and chorus in 6-8 time; "How lovely are the messengers;" and the chorale (beautifully sung), "O thou, the true and only light." We might greatly extend our commendations, but that we are pressed for time. Mr. Cooper led and Mr. Smith conducted with their accustomed ability; and, what is of prime importance in an oratorio, the choruses were well sustained.

The second concert of the Conservatoire took place at the Music Hall, Park-street, under the direction of M. B. v. d. Mark, and was attended by a numerous audience. The concert commenced with two sacred pieces, after which B. v. d. Mark introduced some of his pupils, who have received lessons upon his new system of teaching the pianoforte in twelve practical lessons, when they displayed acquirement in pianoforte playing and singing, more particularly Master Albert Caird and Mr. Jones, who has only received four lessons, and played a thema with variations. Miss E. Lewis sang two songs very prettily, and was warmly encored. Miss Hammond rendered two sonatas of Beethoven with great taste. Whilst congratulating M. v. d. Mark upon the success of his mode of teaching the pianoforte, we must not omit to mention some of his new compositions, especially the Leigh Court Quadrilles and Leigh Court Polka, in which Mr. B. v. d. Mark displayed both skill and invention. The concert concluded with the "Lord's Prayer" and "God save the Queen."

AMATEUR MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—Monday was fixed for the opening night of the above society. Not being able to attend, I cannot report. I observed in the programme several of our old favourites, such as "When all alone," "Lovely Phillis," and others of equal celebrity. Our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. F. Huxtable, also added to the attraction of the evening as pianist.—*Felix Farley*.

MUSIC AT OLDHAM.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE enterprising Directors of the Choral Society here, gave the

third of their series of "Concerts for the People" on Monday evening last. The large room of the Working Man's Hall, which is capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred persons, was crowded on the occasion. The principal vocalists were Miss Morris, of Manchester; Mr. Edmondson, of Stockport; and Mr. Mellor, of Oldham; Mr. John Lees ably fulfilling the duties of accompanist. The lady vocalist was most enthusiastically received, and encored in both her songs—the much hacknied "Meet me in the willow glen," and Lover's "May dew." Mr. Edmondson lacks power in his lower notes; he, nevertheless, sang with feeling and expression, Braham's famous song, "The death of Nelson." Mr. Mellor also deserves a word of praise of his rendering of "When the sails were unfurled." The accompaniments to the various vocal pieces were marked with much discrimination and good taste, —traits of no mean order when found in so young a person as Mr. Lees. We yet expect to find this young gentleman occupying a distinction among his professional brethren. Let him only will on in earnestness and love, and we do not fear he will fulfil our predictions. This young gentleman also evinces much promise as a composer. On the present occasion we thought the chorus lacked rehearsal; the pieces, at times, being unsteady with the band. We have also to complain of their not obeying the conductor's baton. They must not rest on their laurels, but labour on in good fellowship together, if efficiency is to be attained. Mr. Winterbottom conducted, and Mr. James Taylor led the band. The proceeds were kindly handed over to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, in connection with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

THE temporary sojourn of Mr. Mitchell's operatic troupe in this city, has afforded our amateurs an opportunity of increasing their knowledge of a branch of lyric art which seldom falls in their way, we mean French Opera Comique. The operas performed have been *Le Domino Noir*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c.

Mdlle. Charton's success in the character of Angèle in the *Domino Noir* exceeded everything of the kind that has ever been witnessed in Dublin, with the exception, perhaps, of the sensation created by the performances of Jenny Lind. Mdlle. Charton is in every respect one of nature's artists, possessing a beautiful and sympathetic voice, a lovely person, and a certain lady-like earnestness of tone and gesture which gives an interest to every note and action, and indeed constitutes this lady's marked *spécialité*. So natural and unaffected an *artiste* we have very rarely seen.

It would be unnecessary to enter into any detailed analysis of the performance; suffice it to say that Mdlle. Charton was most enthusiastically applauded in everything she sang, and that the greater part of her *morceaux* were encored.

The impersonation, which in this opera, after Mdlle. Charton's, deserves the most honourable mention, is that of the English "Mi lord," by M. Chateaufort, whose singing, acting, and "making up," were all equally praiseworthy. M. Buguet, gave the *couplets* "*Nous allons avoir*" admirably. His terror, when in the duet with Charton, he mistakes that lady in her black domino, for a phantom, was most humourously, although most naturally depicted, and his stare of petrified resignation, on being dragged out of *Dame Jacinthe's* apartment, called aloud for the record of a Cruikshank. Mons. Soyer was lively, albeit somewhat too *bouncing* as Juliano. We must not omit mentioning the gentlemanly bearing and behaviour of the members of the chorus, who personated the guests at Juliano's supper. Their appropriate and unexaggerated dress gave a reality to the scene, for which we might look in vain on our English stage, where all the old coats in the wardrobe are turned out to assist in the assumption of the most difficult of all impersonations—a gentleman.

In *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, Mdlle. Charton proved equally attractive, although the singular concordance of the character of Angèle with Mdlle. Charton's personal and vocal accomplishments, make the latter part her favourite one. The duet and solo in the second act served as a vehicle for the display

of the flexibility of Mdlle. Charton's voice, and the brilliancy of her vocalization.

The *Dame Blanche* was produced on Wednesday. Mdlle. Charton's part in the opera is but slight; but of that little she made a great deal. M. Lac sang "Ah quel plaisir," with considerable fire and energy. By the bye, we never yet heard a French tenor in this part who had the remotest notion how to pronounce the name of the character he represents—George Brown.

The brilliant choruses of this opera went exceedingly well, as indeed have done those of all the operas represented—a circumstance which, together with the careful *mise-en-scène* of each opera, reflects the greatest credit on M. Folleville, the clever chorus-master and *regisseur* of the troupe.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been present at the greater part of the performances, which have been fashionably and well attended.

May 1st, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

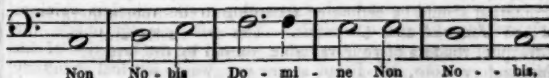
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—There is a passage in Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, that goes so far to prove, inferentially, the correctness of the position I have taken in defence of Handel and other of our illustrious musical worthies, that I cannot forbear quoting it. At page 39 of the "account," note b, Dr. Burney says, in speaking of the "Horse and his rider," chorus, "the art with which Handel in the midst of all the fire of imagination and ebullition of genius, introduces a sober, chanting kind of counter-subject, while the other is carried on with uninterrupted spirit, is marvellous," &c. Now, living so near to Handel's time as Burney did, and conversing with so many who had personally known Handel as Burney did, there can be no doubt that had it been an understood thing that Handel purloined from the Gregorian chants, Burney must have heard something of the matter; and, supposing him to have given any credence at all to the absurd report, he would not, at any rate, have italicised the word "chanting," as he has done, with the view to directing attention to a coincidence, the detection of which he evidently looked upon as a discovery on his own part.

Further on, in the same note, Dr. Burney remarks the similarity between Handel's Canto Fermo and the subject of Bird's Canon, "*Non Nobis Domine*."



I will sing un - to the Lord.



Non No - bis Do - mi - ne Non No - bis,

and observes, with proper judgment and feeling, "Whether the subject occurred to Handel accidentally, or was taken with design, I know not; but in either case the notes are happily selected, and ingeniously used." So that Burney set little or no value on the notes for any similarity, real or imaginary, that they may bear to a Gregorian chant; but for their happy selection, i.e., their thorough applicability to the required purpose, (the very point, be it remembered, that I have all along been contending for), and the ingenious use Handel has made of them, for which latter circumstance the subject is not of course entitled to the smallest share of the merit.

Dr. Burney then goes on to say, "As to the original inventor, or right owner of that series of notes upon which the canon, which tradition has given to Bird, was constructed, they have been the subject of fugue to Zarlino, and to old Adrian Villarta, his master, long before Bird was born, and, indeed, constitute one of the different species of *tetrachord* used by the Greeks, in the highest antiquity." If, then, that allowance, which every candid musician

will make for the musical coincidences which are still every day occurring, is to be denied to Handel, it must be denied also to the Gregorianisers. The fact is, the want of candour, moderation, and good taste evinced in their writings, has led them to over-prove and ruin their own positions. But supposing it were otherwise, and to return to first principles—supposing Handel *had* avowedly, and intentionally, have made use of these chants, the Gregorian chants would not have immortalised him, but he the Gregorian chants.

I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

April 30, 1850.

AN ORGANIST.

MISS BOTIBOL.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Being much surprised at an inconsistent omission in all those papers which mentioned the last Academy Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, April 27th, I take the liberty of addressing you, feeling assured that you will be disposed to render justice where it appears due, as on the present occasion.

The omission to which I refer is with reference to Miss Botibol, a pupil of the Royal Academy, who sang for the first time at these concerts on the above occasion. The excellent qualities of voice she displayed, and the great feeling she evinced in Mozart's beautiful aria "Porgi amor," procured for her a general and warm applause; but I am sorry to say not one encomium or remark of any kind from the papers. Silence (as you know) is worse than censure, and the motive which has induced them to keep it on this occasion cannot be the same as that which influenced them on the one previous, about a month ago, as they then made no remark about the very *worst* singer of the concert, and this time of the very best.

By inserting a few lines on this subject in your valuable columns, you will oblige, sir, yours gratefully,

A READER.

M. SILAS.

The following letter has been forwarded to our office:—

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—I am surprised to perceive that you quote the *Liverpool Chronicle and Journal* as musical authorities, on the merits of M. Silas, as a composer and pianist.

It is well understood here that the critics employed on those newspapers, are utterly incompetent to give an opinion on any of the branches of musical composition.

I am sure the elaborate critiques contained in the *Liverpool Albion and Mercury*, have not been forwarded by your correspondent, and am therefore the more sorry that M. Silas's reputation should be estimated according to the valueless opinions of the *Journal* and *Chronicle*. You will greatly oblige the *Liverpool* readers of your valuable journal by the insertion of this explanatory note, as, I can assure you, we do not feel peculiarly gratified by allowing the musical taste of the town to be represented by the extracts above alluded to.

I beg to remain, sir, yours faithfully,

Liverpool, May 2nd, 1850.

MUSICUS.

We readily insert the above, although we cannot discover its explanatory qualities.

REVIEWS.

"Flight of Care;" a Quadrille, with Vocal Finale. By F. DE YRIGOTTI. E. RANSFORD.

THESE *Contredanses* are originally conceived, and M. de Yrigotti has applied the music of the dance to a moral purpose. Both in his music and the lithograph upon the forehead of the publication, we can plainly perceive the gaunt figure of Care fleeing from the unanticipated kicks of hilarity. Of the five figures, all of which are spirited and eager, we prefer the last, which has the novel

characteristic of a vocal accompaniment, in chorus, without words, suspended at intervals, to be renewed with greater vivacity. The third figure is lively, but M. de Yrigotti should eschew the consecutive octaves in bars 2—3, line 5, the consecutive fifths, in bars 1—2, and bars 5—6, and change the E at the top of the last chord of the first bar of the fifth line into D. We might also point out to his attention the consecutive octaves in bars 3—4, line 1; in bars 2—3, line 2; and in bars 3—4, line 4; which had better be expunged. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. We like the figure 4, in A minor, Pastorelle, very well; but we like not the consecutive octaves in bar 3, and bars 3—4, line 1; nor those in bars 1—2, line 2. In other respects this figure is perfectly correct. In the last figure, by the way, the E, in the second chord in the treble of bar 4, line 4, should be changed to D. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the first figure, *con spirito*, in G, we do not exactly like the manner in which the chord of the ninth is prepared and disposed of in bars 3—4, line 1. The modulation into D, by means of an undisposed-of pedal, or, rather, two roughly-disposed-of pedals, is beyond our comprehension. Bars 6—7, line 3, present the same objections as bars 2—3, line 1. In other respects, this figure is perfectly correct. In the second figure, *ben marcato*, in C, we like the second part, *grazioso*, except at bars 4—5, line 3, where the bass changes, and bar 1, line 4, where the bass does not change; the first being incorrect by reason of the bass changing, the second being incorrect by reason of the bass not changing. In both instances, the chord of the 6—4 is unfairly treated. We recommend M. de Yrigotti either never to change his basses at all, to avoid faults of transition, or to change them at every note of the melody, to avoid erroneous treatment of pedals. In other respects, figure 2 is perfectly correct; and the whole set is animated, especially the voice part, which is unobliged. The poetry to the voice part is by Isidoro de Yrigotti. And thus much for the "Flight of Care," a quadrille with vocal finale. The rest may be seen at Mr. Ransford's, music publisher.

"The Holy Family;" admired Sacred Melodies, by the most celebrated composers. Arranged for the Piano by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALCOTT. JULLIEN & Co.

THIS selection comprises seven works, including the names of Handel, Hummel, Haydn, Rossini, Marcello, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The airs are all well known, and Mr. Calcott has effected his arrangement in an able manner. The principal attraction of the work, however, will be found in the frontispiece, which represents the Virgin and Child, and is really admirably done. It is printed in oil colors, and is a very beautiful specimen of this new school of drawing. Mr. C. Baxter is the artist. The selection of sacred melodies is worth purchasing for the sake of the illustration.

"The Hibernian Quadrille;" composed, and dedicated to LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE, by JULLIEN. JULLIEN & Co.

A NEW SET of Irish quadrilles, from the pen of Jullien, will be a welcome boon to the Terpsichorean public. The airs are all good, and the quadrilles wind up capitally with our old friend, "Patrick's Day." A beautiful illustration in oil colors is given in the frontispiece. It represents the Queen's landing at Kingstown, and affords a striking and picturesque view of the Bay of Dublin and shipping. The illustration is even more beautiful and happy than that of the "Holy Family."

"O mein Leib," ("Oh my Love.") Serenade. CARL ANSCHUTZ. GREGG.

THIS serenade was composed by the spirited musical conductor of the Wednesday Concerts, at the instance, and for the use of his friend, Carl Formes, the celebrated bass. The words are translated from one Wolkenstainer, a minstrel, who flourished in the fifteenth century. They are very pretty and tender. The music is expressive, although the melody, (in E flat), assumes a fragmentary character from continual changes of measure, from 2—4 to 3—4. The harmony is musician-like and richly disposed, although the close, in G minor, at the bottom of the first page, through the

want of a dominant chord to confirm the modulation, has a somewhat vague effect. The song, however, is altogether superior to the average quality of compositions of its length, is exceedingly vocal, and in admirable keeping with the words. An obligato accompaniment for violoncello, horn, or concertina is added. This song has been sung with great effect at the London Wednesday Concerts, by Herr Formes, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Lovell Phillips, and is likely, and well deserves, to become popular.

MOORE'S PLACIARISMS.

Plagiarism the Forty-seventh.

And music too—dear music—that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much;
Now heard far off—so far as but to seem
Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

This is twaddlesimus. And it is twaddled from a very good twaddler.

LANGHORNE.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanished dream.

Plagiarism the Forty-eighth.

It is for thee, for thee alone, I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look
To read my praise, as in an angel's book.

I am well pleased with a simile like this. If anything is like an angel's look, or whatever is brighter, purer, and better—it is assuredly beauteous features. One of our old writers, contemplating such a face as this described by Tom, exclaimed enthusiastically,—

The story of the heavens is very like her!

I do not mean to produce this as the original of the above thought, for I have two ready, waiting to be called in and examined:—

SIR W. JONES, vol. ii., p. 524. (*Ebu Arabeshd.*)

Ubi sunt ii, quorum facies tanquam sanctus libro splendebant?

SIR W. JONES, *Traité sur la Poésie Orientale*, vol. v., p. 473.

Où êtes vous jeun héros, dont les visages resplendissoient comme les feuillets du livre sacré?

Albany Fonblanque offers to make oath that Moore never saw either.

Plagiarism the Forty-ninth.

He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes;
Silent and happy, as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.

And think all toils rewarded when from thee
I gain a smile worth immortality.

We all know the value and originality of poetical commonplace gallantry of this kind. It may do for the ball-room, but it cannot expect to pass upon those all-knowing fellows called critics as original. Why, I could mention a dozen similar passages in a breath, if space and inclination allowed me to do so.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—We stated that Carlotta Grisi was re-engaged by Mr. Lumley up to the end of May; we should have said up to the end of June.

M. BILLET.—As we anticipated, the classical pianoforte concerts of M. Alexandre Billet has been so successful as to justify his giving a second series of three. The first of these took place last

evening at St. Martin's Hall, and, like the previous ones, it was extremely well attended. The distinguishing feature of M. Billet's scheme is that he gives selections from the works of the various composers for the pianoforte, so arranged as to indicate the gradual development of this branch of composition. This alone must prove a strong recommendation to M. Billet's concerts with all amateurs of the best pianoforte music.—*Morning Chronicle*.

MIDLE. NOTTES, the vocalist, prima donna at the opera in Hanover, has arrived in London.

MR. HENRY BOYS.—The concert given at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the benefit of Mr. Boys, has proved a very successful effort, in the best reception of the term, the amount realised being far higher than any concert of a similar kind for a long period. After deducting the expenses of advertisements, printing, and some other items, the committee has announced a surplus of three hundred and seventy pounds. The exertions, therefore, of the committee, and of Mr. Boys' friends, have been most amply rewarded. The artistes who so generously gave their assistance on this occasion were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Miss Dolby, Madame Lablache, Mr. Wrighton, M. Henri Drayton, and Mr. Sims Reeves. In addition to these were Signor Briccialdi, Ernst, Piatti, and Benedict—the latter of whom played a grand concertante duet with Mr. Brinley Richards, on two pianofortes. The orchestra was very numerous and efficient; and received considerable assistance from many members of the Amateur Society. In the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, a young violoncellist, named Aylward, (a student in the Royal Academy,) did himself great credit in his interpretation of the difficult introduction. The whole of the concert was very ably conducted by Mr. Brinley Richards.

CROSBY HALL.—The third and last lecture of a course of three, on the Progress of English Vocal Music, by Sir Henry Bishop, took place on Thursday evening, the 23rd of April, before a most attentive audience. The illustrations have been, on each occasion, ably sustained by Miss Messent, Miss Thornton, Mr. Benson, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

MADemoiselle ANGRI, the celebrated contralto, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert.

DEMOISELLE ANNA ZINGGELER, well known in Germany as the blind vocalist of Zurich, comes to London with strong recommendations from sundry professors. When calamity combined with talent appeal to the public, benevolence makes use of her most powerful advocates.

MODELS OF THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.—Messrs. Leader and Cook have published two plans of the rival Opera Houses, in a miniature and portable form, which will be found extremely useful to the frequenters. The plans show the position and numbers of the boxes, stalls, &c. &c., and will save interminable trouble to those who wish to procure particular places. They are printed on thick board, in very neat type, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The plans are not for sale, but are submitted by the enterprising publishers for gratuitous circulation.

MIDLE. MOULIN'S CONCERT.—Another young pianiste, of great talent, has appeared in the musical world, and gave her first concert in London on Wednesday evening, April 17th, at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Ann street, to a numerous and fashionable audience. Midle. Moulin was assisted by Mme. Lemaire (a young vocalist of great promise, who, at the last moment, had kindly undertaken to supply the place of M. de Besnier, who was unavoidably absent), Messrs. Rousselot, Deloffre, Drayton, &c. The fair *beneficiaire* performed, with Messrs. Rousselot and Deloffre, Beethoven's grand trio in E flat in a most masterly style; the grand duo of Mendelssohn's, in D major, in which she was most ably seconded by that distinguished and excellent musician, M. Scipion Rousselot; Mendelssohn's Caprice in E major, and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,—each and all Midle. Moulin succeeded in interpreting with great skill and truth. M. Drayton sang an air from "Les Deux Familles," with taste and expression. M. Deloffre executed a solo on the violin. This talented artiste, whom we so rarely have the pleasure of hearing as a solo performer, was greatly applauded. The concert went off well, and was ably conducted by Mr. W. Beale. The new rooms in Queen Ann-street are as favourable for sound as could be wished, and richly decorated.—(From a Correspondent.)

MR. TALFOURD.—We have just been favoured with the sight of a portrait of a lady of Plymouth, which, for originality of treatment, beauty of drawing, and delicacy of execution, strikes us as meriting very far more than the eulogy usually awarded to a modern portrait. From obvious motives we hesitate to publish the lady's name; but the proprietor of the picture has authorised us to mention it to any one who may be desirous of seeing this beautiful work of art; and the interest we must needs feel, in the just appreciation of such a painter as Mr. Talfourd, induces us to hope that the picture will be seen by the many of this locality, who are so well able to estimate its surpassing excellence. We understand that Mr. Talfourd is now engaged on a portrait of Sir N. Talfourd, the judge, whose highly refined poetical genius seems to find most sympathetic kindred in the pictorial talent of his artist brother. Mr. F. Talfourd's portraits have the singular merit of being entirely free from all mannerism, and from anything conventional. We have seen several of them together, looking like the distinct works of so many different artists; because, in fact, each takes its individual character from the particular sitter. This we hold to be the very perfection of portrait. It is true, each subject must be seen through the one artist's peculiar medium; and the medium of Mr. Talfourd is a truly poetical one; but still, this accomplished artist has the power of so adapting to each sitter, his varied ability of composition, coloring, and "handling," that the result is always distinguished by the most characteristic individuality.—[We have much pleasure in inserting the above extract from a Plymouth paper, forwarded to us by our zealous correspondent, T. E. B.—Ed.]

THE SWORD OF CHARLES I.—Mr. Planché inquires (No. 12, p. 163), "When did the real sword of Charles the First's time, which, but a few years back, hung at the side of that Monarch's equestrian figure at Charing-cross, disappear?" It disappeared about the time of the coronation of her present Majesty, when some scaffolding was erected about the statue, which afforded great facilities for removing the rapier (for such it was); and I always understood it found its way, by some means or other, to the museum, so called, of the notoriously frolicsome Captain D—, where, in company with the wand of the Great Wizard of the North, and other well-known articles, it was carefully labelled and numbered, and a little account appended of the circumstances of its acquisition and removal.—**JOHN STREET.**

[Sure then Burke was right, and the "age of chivalry is past!"—Otherwise, the idea of disarming a statue would never have entered the head of any man of arms, even in his most frolicsome of moods.]—**Notes and Queries.**

THE POET BOWLES.—The canon's absence of mind was very great, and when his coachman drove him into Bath, he had to practise all kinds of cautions to keep him to time and place. The poet once left our office in company with a well-known antiquarian of our neighbourhood, since deceased, and who was as absent as Mr. Bowles himself. The servant of the latter came to our establishment to look for him, and, on learning that he had gone away with the gentleman to whom we have referred, the man exclaimed, in a tone of ludicrous distress, "What, those two wandered away together; then they'll never be found any more!" The act of composition was a slow and laborious operation with Mr. Bowles. He altered and re-wrote his MS. until, sometimes, hardly anything remained of the original, excepting the general conception. When we add that his handwriting was one of the worst that ever man wrote—inasmuch, that frequently he could not read that which he had written the day before—we need not say that his printers had very tough work in getting his works into type. At the time when we printed for Mr. Bowles, we had one compositor in our office (his death is recorded in our paper of to-day), who had a sort of knack in making out the poet's hieroglyphics, and he was once actually sent for by Mr. Bowles into Wiltshire, to copy some MS., written a year or two before, which the poet had himself vainly endeavoured to decipher.—**Bath Chronicle.**

HULL.—Messrs. Distin gave a concert in the Music-hall, in this town, on Friday evening, April 12th, which attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The brilliant success of the entertainment led to a second performance on Monday evening, when the room was again crowded. On this occasion the interest of the programme was considerably heightened by the announcement that the band of the 81st regiment would take part in the concert. The

popularity and well-known excellence of the Messrs. Distin is so well known to our readers as to render unnecessary any further notice of their performances than that they went through their duties in superior style, and with repeated marks of approbation. The Distin family have, indeed, seldom appeared to greater advantage. The quiet precision in their instrumental performance, their brilliant execution, and a peculiar harmonising which pertains to the sax-horn, combine to produce the most gratifying results. The ear is not stunned by the oft-experienced clangour of wind instruments, nor is the judgment shocked by uncouth or unmusical sounds. The repeated encores of the Distins, as well in their instrumental as their vocal efforts along with Miss O'Connor, sufficiently attest the delight their talents conferred. Of the lady, we must speak very highly. Her Irish ballads, "Kate O'Shane," on the first evening, and "The Emigrant," on Monday, were real gems.—**Eastern Counties Herald.**

MR. GUSTAVUS GEARY, the popular tenor from Dublin, is engaged by Mr. Stammers for the next Wednesday Concert. Mr. Geary bears a high name as a vocalist in the Irish capital, and much is expected from his first appearance at Exeter Hall.

PANORAMA.—*Frémont's Overland Route to Oregon, Texas, and California, across the Rocky Mountains.*—We attended on Wednesday week a private view of a new grand moving painting, bearing the above title, which has lately arrived from Washington City, and which opened for public exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last. This painting portrays the entire route of Col. Frémont and party (sent by the United States Government to explore the Rocky Mountains), from the Missouri shores, through Oregon, into California, and shows the workings of the great gold mines, which now occupy so much of public attention. The painting is of a gigantic class, and works on four cylinders, portraying the different sections of country and life, and as a work of art has decidedly the preference of any American panorama ever exhibited in London. The scenes are vivid and bright: we pass through the wild territory, and witness the majestic peaks of the Rocky Mountains, the beautiful prairies, boundless in extent, and learn the manner of emigration. We then follow Frémont through the snows of the mountains, and glean an idea of how terrible must have been their sufferings; or we stop at those missions which the Christian has planted among the savages. Many of the scenes and figures are admirably drawn, and reflect great credit on the artists. The sketches are entirely made by Col. Frémont, Capt. Wilkes, and I. Drayton, Esq., of the U. S. Topographical Engineers for the United States Government, and we owe the enterprise of having it presented to the British public to M. I. Skirving, of Washington City, and Mr. W. H. Paul, at the Egyptian Hall. Of these exhibitions we cannot speak too highly, and on this subject, which is now so popular, this exhibition will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of the country, by presenting to the eye what has already been impressed on the mind by reading, and the visitor will be well repaid for the time spent.

THE PLASTER MODELS of Thorwaldsen, which were purchased at Copenhagen in October last by the French Director of the Beaux-Arts, are said, by the *Journal des Débats*, to have arrived in the Louvre in a very dilapidated condition. On the cases which contained them being opened, it was found that of the four large figures the "Hebe" alone was uninjured. The "Venus" and "Ganymede" are damaged in several places. Of the "Mercury" there is scarcely a fragment entire. The two models of horses have also suffered considerably; the small one is almost entirely destroyed. The series of bas-reliefs composing the "Triumph of Alexander" have escaped with least injury.

ILLNESS OF THE POET MOORE.—Letters have been received from Sloperton, giving a most painful account of the decaying health of the poet Moore, whose death was daily apprehended. For three months past Mr. Moore had not left his room, and altogether his condition was considered hopeless.

BARON CORNELIUS, it is reported, has finished the cartoons for the frescoes which are to ornament the new royal burial-ground and walls of the Campo-Santo constructing near Charlottenburg, in resemblance of those at Pisa and at Munich. For these designs Government has granted to the illustrious artist 95,000 thalers—upwards of 14,000*l.* sterling. Their execution in fresco will cost about 25,000*l.*

MR. G. A. OSBORNE'S CONCERT.—The second *Matinée* of Mr. Osborne was held on Thursday at the Beethoven Rooms. Ernst played. Beethoven's trio in E flat, played by Osborne, Ernst, and Piatti, was a rare treat. We were much impressed with Osborne's classic feeling. The sonata of Mendelssohn in B flat was very finely executed by the pianist and Piatti. Ernst enraptured the audience with a romance, composed jointly by himself and Heller. Osborne's trio in A, and his nocturne, "The Elves," and the study in E minor, afforded excellent specimens of the composer's talent. Each received its due meed of applause. The study, played by the composer, was encored unanimously and vociferously, and moreover, deservedly. The vocal department was consigned to Mdle. Graumann and Fraulein Franziska Rummel. The last named lady is a strong and true soprano, and is a dramatic singer in the good school. She was in London some three years since. She sang an aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*, and a romance of Henrion, with excellent effect. The attendance was fashionable and select.

MR. HENRY WYLDE'S CONCERTS.—The *Matinée Musicale* of this talented composer and pianist took place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, the 15th ult., and was full and fashionably attended. Mr. Henry Wyld was assisted by Ernst, Willy, Hill, Hausmann, and Sterndale Bennett,—an admirable team of instrumentalists; and by Madlle. Schloss, as vocalist. The programme had many features of interest. In the first part, Ernst played twice; in Haydn's quartet in B flat, with Willy, Hill, and Hausmann; and in Mozart's quartet in G minor, with Hill, Hausmann, and Wyld. Both these were admirable performances, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Sterndale Bennett played Henry Wyld's sonata in E major, an exceedingly clever and brilliant composition, which displays considerable poetic temperament, and a nice feeling for classic harmony. It was imitatively played. Beethoven's Sonata in F, opened the second part. It was interpreted by Ernst and Henry Wyld, and was altogether a fine display. Ernst's playing in the andante was nothing short of the miraculous. Beethoven's trio in C minor, in the hands of Henry Wyld, Ernst, and Hausmann, went off with immense *ecclat*. Madlle. Schloss contributed largely to the entertainment. She sang Mendelssohn's "Youth and Maiden," the grand scena from *Freischütz*, a song of Molière's, and two songs of Henry Wyld, called "Amalia," and "Ich Vin so Sehr alleine." Mr. Wyld's songs are full of character. The last is exceedingly simple and touching, and was much liked by the entire audience. Madlle. Schloss gave them both to perfection.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for performance next Friday, the 10th instant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on
THE ART OF SINGING,
Adapted with alterations and additions for the ASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,
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Conductor Mr. CORRA.

NEXT FRIDAY, Handel's "ISRAEL in EGYPT."—Vocalists:—Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Newton, Miss Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Machin, and Mr. H. Phillips; with Orchestra of 700 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross. To commence at Eight o'clock.

Under the Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Royal Family, Nobility, &c.

THE CHORAL FUND

HAVE the honor to announce for their ANNUAL CONCERT, a Performance at EXETER HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 17, of Haydn's celebrated Oratorio, *THE SEASONS*, under the able Conductorship of Mr. Benedict. This charity was instituted in 1791, by the late Dr. Arnold, for the relief of his distressed and afflicted members, their widows and orphans. Doors open at Seven, performance to commence at half-past Seven. Tickets to be had at the principal Music-sellers, and 9, Exeter Hall Western Gallery, 2s.; Area, 5s.; Reserved, 5s.; ditto Numbered, 7s.; Royal Galleries, 10s. 6d.

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PART I.—1. Grand Sonata in C minor, with Fugue, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Woelfl); Air, de Don Juan, "Batti, Batti, O bel Masetto," Madlle. Davinci (Mozart).—2. Sonata, in E flat, first time in public, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Haydn).—3. Duet, Volkaliad, "O, wert thou," the Misses Cole (Mendelssohn); Allegro and Fugue, D minor (Scarlatti): Prelude and Fugue, F major (Bach): Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—4. Sonata in A major, Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Macfarren); Scena, E Bolero, "Domani o me felice," Madlle. Davinci (Giuseppe Lillo).—5. Fantasia in F sharp minor, (by desire) Pianoforte, Mr. Billet (Mendelssohn); Duet, "Remember now thy Creator," The Misses Cole (S. Bennett).—6. Selection of Modern Studies.—G flat major (Chopin). F sharp major (Henselt). Etude Tarantelle (Stephen Heller). G minor, Study of Octaves (W. S. Bennett), Pianoforte, Mr. Billet.

Conductor, HERR GANZ.

At the THIRD and LAST CONCERT, Friday, May 24th, Mr. BILLET will have the honour to introduce:—1. Fantasia in A major (W. S. Bennett).—2. Grand Duet in F minor (Onslow).—3. Grand Duet in A minor (Schubert).—4. Grand Sonata in E flat, dedicated to Madame Buonaparte, (Steibelt).—5. Progressive Selection of Studies from Clementi, Cramer, Steibelt, Moscheles, Hummel, Potter, Schumann, and Mendelssohn.

Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Central Seats, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s. Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

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The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that a **GRAND EXTRA NIGHT** will take place

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when will be presented, for the first time these two years, Bellini's celebrated Opera, entitled

I PURITANI.

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(Her First Appearance in that Character.)
Georgio - - - - - Signor LABLACHE.
Riccardo - - - - - Signor COLETTI.
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- - - - - Signor BAUCARDE.
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Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.
Doors open at Seven, the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

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HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

THIS sublime ORATORIO will be performed on **Wednesday** Evening, May 8th, in the Hanover Square Rooms, commencing at Eight o'clock, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. Principal singers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Miss Ellen Lyon and Miss Birch, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Benson, Mr. Barnby, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Lawler, Mr. T. A. Novello, and Mr. Henry Phillips. Conductor, Mr. Costa. The public rehearsal will take place on Monday Morning, May 6th, to commence at 12 o'clock.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

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Prices of Admission:—Boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; £2 2s.; £2 12s. 6d., and £3 3s.
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